Which breathd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clay:
A iewell in a tenne times bard vp Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coosin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.

Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life shall answere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home all armes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,
Doth more solicite me, then your exclaimes,

To